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IL TUTTORE;

KOR,

THE TUTOR.

A

COMIC BURLETTA.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE - ROYAL

In DRURY-LANE.

Translated from the *Italian*, and set to MUSICK

By Signor A D O L F O H A S S E.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by G. WOODFALL at the *King's-Arms*, Charing-Cross.

(Price One Shilling.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PANDOLFO, *an old Man, Tutor, and in Love with Zerbina, by Mr. Gaudry.*

ZERBINA, *an Orphan, in Love with Ernesto, by Sig^{ra} Saratina.*

ERNESTO, *a young Man, Son of a neighbouring Farmer, in Love with Zerbina, by Mr. Reinhold.*

MOSCA, *a Mute, Servant to Pandolfo.*

Other Servants, &c.

Country, *Italy.*



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Designer of the Birletta begs Leave to inform the Public, that having made a select, and numerous Collection of the musical Productions of all the great *Italian Masters* in that kind, he hopes that the Attempt will prove acceptable to an *English Audience*.

Those who understand musical Compositions, and the Nature of such an Undertaking, will be sensible of the Difficulty of finding such *English Words* as would not prove too stubborn for Musick, originally adapted to the *Italian Language*: This, it is hoped, will obviate any critical Censure against a Design, where not so much an Elegance of Stile, as a Fitness of Syllables, was requisite.

The Designer, who is an *Italian*, hopes for the Indulgence of the candid Public, for many Inaccuracies in the following Performance, and flatters himself there will be some Degree of Merit in attempting to shew, that the *English Language* is not altogether incompatible with *Italian Harmony*.

P A R T . I . S C E N E a Parlour.

Zerbina Sola, *working at a Table.*

A I R.

HOW hard is an Orphan's Fate,
 While Young of Parents depriv'd,
 What so deserving Pity!
 Unhappy is her Fate.

Poor Zerbina, what a Wretch art thou!
 To be thus pester'd with the odious Courtship
 Of an old Grey-beard Guardian: Oh, Ernesto,
 Thou lovely Youth, who hast stolen my Heart,
 Where art thou now! Why come ye not to cheer
 The fond desiring Hopes of your Zerbina?
 But hark! I hear the Noise of hobbling Feet;
 Oh! 'tis that Fright, the old Pandolfo comes.

Enter Pandolfo.

Pan. Good Morrow to you Wardy, how is't Lambkin?

Zer. Pretty well, good Sir.

Pan. I'm glad on't.

I hope, Zerbina, you approve my Pattion.

Zer. No, I detest it.

Pan. Do I deserve this Answer?

Zer. Was this your Promise to my dying Parents?
 Are these th' Instructions you are bound to give me?

Pan. Impute my Fondness to your youthful Charms.

Zer.

Zer. Don't tease me, Sir; know I abhor your Love.
 Pan. Since you scorn me, ungrateful Girl, no other
 Shall have Admission to your Presence.

SONG.

*Saucy Minx refrain your Scoffing,
 Or I will revenged be:
 No young Coxcomb shall come bither,
 Since you scorn me 'cause I'm old.
 How d'you like this pretty Lesson?
 Take my Word it so shall be.
 Tho' I strive to act the Cruel,
 Yet my Heart does feel for her. } Aside.
 How d'ye like this pretty Lesson?
 Take my Word it so shall be.*

Zer. You may spare your Laughter and your Huffing,
 Think you, Sir, I'll bear such Treatment?
 Not I, upon my Word.
 You'll find your Bolts and Bars all insufficient,
 When least you fear, your Wardy will be gone.

Pan. Think not t'escape so easily, my Dear;
 In your old Tutor, you shall find an *Argus*.

Zer. Had you as many Eyes again as *Argus* had,
 I would defy them all.

Pan. You would, forsooth? [Sneeringly.]

Zer. You may laugh, but you shall find,
 Zerbina will not brook Confinement.

SONG.

Pray, my old Dad,
 Do not cudgel more your Brain,
 Nor study Means
 How to keep Zerbina close;
 For a Girl of my warm Temper
 Will not bear to be confin'd.

Believe

*Believe me, sweet Sir,
You will lose your Labour.
Drop your vain Hopes,
You shan't keep me enslav'd.
I know the Charter of Womankind,
We strive for nothing more than Liberty.*

Da capo. [Exit.]

Pandolfo Solus.

How determin'd our young Lady seems !
I must keep strict Watch over her.
I begin to fear her Resolutions,
And therefore think I ought in Prudence change
My harsh, to milder Treatment.

[Exit.]

NIGHT. Scene, a Country, Part of *Pandolfo's* House to be seen, with a large Tree adjoining to a Chamber Window. Enter *Ernesto* with a Gun flung on his Shoulders, and a Rebeck, on which he plays to serenade *Zerbina*.

S. O. N G.

I.

Ern. *Come, my pretty Angel,
Oh! bark to my Passion,
Haste to thy Window, batten
To heal my Anguish.*

II.

*Shine forth, lovely Goddess,
Night will look the brighter;
Oh! bear a Lover's Fondness,
Don't let me languish.*

III.

Zer. *(Zerbina at the Window.)*
*Sounds like Linnets warbling,
Strike me with Raptures !
Oh, 'tis my dear Ernesto
That so pleas'd my Hearing.*

B

IV.

IV.

*Your're my only Charmer,
Tune thy Notes so sprightly,
I could bear till Morning,
Thy lovely Concert.*

V.

D U O.

*In Love there is more Music ;
We'll enjoy this Leisure ;
Let's baste and sooth the Anguish
Of each fond Bosom.*

Ern. Sweet Girl, here could I pass whole Nights,
And gaze on thy Beauties.

Zer. No less,
Is your *Zerbina's* Joy to see *Ernesto*.
Ern. Oh ! Happiness beyond Expression !

To hear thy charming Accents,
That so transport my Soul.

Zer. Oh ! my Heart melts to hear you talk thus.
But, *Ernesto*, do you really love me ?

Ern. Love you ? no ! but I adore you,
And if you doubt, I'll swear —

Zer. Oh ! do not swear, *Ernesto* ;
Zerbina does not doubt your Love ;
And when I ask, 'tis for the Joy
To hear the Repetition of your Vows.

Ern. Was ever Lover blest as I ?

S O N G.

*There is a Joy in thus confessing
The mutual Passions that we feel,
Surpassing all Possession.
Thus the fond Doves with kindly cooing,
Delight the Ear of Night and Day,
While they express their Love.*

Zer.

Zer. Ah me! Ernesto. —

Ern. Why Sighs my Love? there is no Danger near.

Zer. Too near alas! Learn what will fret your Heart.

My Cruel Guardian has declar'd himself a Lover.

Ern. How? your Lover said you? Impossible.

Zer. 'Tis but too true, and what is still worse,
The jealous Monster keeps me a close Pris'ner;
And that Way means to force me to Compliance.

Ern. Oh Torture! — well, what are you resolv' to do!

Enter Pandolfo and Mosca with a Lantborn. Pandolfo listens.

Zer. Any thing to make my Escape.

Pan. Eh! what do I hear!

[Undiscover'd.

Ern. Oh! say again you're so resolv'd,
And *Cupid* will inspire some means,

Pan. Cupid and you be hanged.

[Undiscover'd.

Zer. I am; try, and you'll find me ready.

Ern. The friendly Branches of this Tree
Will help to let you down.

Pan. But it shall down first:

[Undiscover'd.

Here *Mosca*, run, call all my Servants,
Bid them bring Saws, and Hatchets, to cut down
This old Pimp, this wicked Tree.

[Exit *Mosca*.

Zer. I'll run any Hazard to be yours.

S O N G.

When Love calls by Sympathy a Goal to fly,
Chaste Nymphs from a Nunnery strive to escape,
My Lover's Summons gladly I obey.
And to meet his Ardour I am prepar'd,
From him no base Perfidy have I to fear.

Zer. Alas, my Dear, I fear to Venture.

Ern. Then stop my Love, I'll up, and show you how.

Re-enter Mosca with Servants, Hatchets, &c.

Pan. I'm glad you are come.

[to *Mosca*.
This

This Way,—Softly—

Ern.

Thy Hand, *Zerbina*.

Zer. Here, my Love.

Pan. Ho! Ho! Mr. *Cupid*, are you there! [To *Ern.* discovering himself.
Are these your Inspirations?
Now, my Lads, strike all together.]

[To his Servants.

Ern. Off Scoundrels, or I'll blow your Brains out.

[Pointing his Gun to them.

Zer. We are betray'd, I hear *Pandolfo*'s Voice.

Pan. Cowards, Rascals, come back, what fear ye?

Ern. Fear not *Zerbina*, I'll defend you.

Zer. Dear Guardian do not hurt my Love.

Pan. In, in, for Shame, thou impudent young Slut!

As for your *Cupid*, his Wings I will cut.

T R I O.

Pan. So! 'Squire *Cupid* have I caught you;
We'll see now what you can do.

Ern. Foolish Blockhead I defy you;
All your Threats I value not.

Zer. Dear *Ernesto* fly his Malice,
Save yourself, rely on me.

Pan. Down, you Varlet, from that Tree.

Ern. Off you Rascal, or beware,
Death shall punish your approaching.

Zer. Dear *Pandolfo* go not near.

Pan. Prithee Girl spare thy Counsel,
Now my Friends come on, don't fear.

Ern. Off you Villains, or I'll fire.

[To his Servants

Trio. { Why should Fate thus cross my Love;
Pity ye Gods my tender Passion,
Drive me not to sad Despair.

The End of the First Part.

P A R T II. Chamber.

Pandolfo following Zerbina.

D U O.

Pan. Hear Zerbina.

Zer. I'm busy.

Pan. Hear me.

Zer. Another time.

Pan. Such an answer don't become you.

Zer. What do ye want then?

Pan. Why won't ye bear me?

Zer. What's your Will, Sir; here I am.

Pan. Why do you fly me thus?

What? now that I've declar'd my Passion,

And offer'd Marriage to you?

Yet still you avoid my Company?

Is this a fit Return for my Indulgence?

To your late Behaviour?

Zer.

Pandolfo,

Once for all, I tell you,

Your Love is quite offensive to me,

You are not the Thing I want.

Pan. I see you'll force me to be cruel,

Yet relent, and I'll forget what's past.

Zer. Do your worst, I never will consent.

What? have you for a Husband?

S O N G.

Do you think that such a Figure,
 To young Maids can e'er give Pleasure?
 Fusty Age is curs'd by Cupid,
 Bisk Girls cry, keep off old Fellow.

C

While

(10)

While you sigh, Oh ! be not cruel,
To your Arms, take a true Lover !
My sweet Sir, 'tis too late,
For a Wife now to pretend.
O ! dear Gardy, I perceive
You don't like this wholesome Lesson,
Tis good Doctrine, I assure you.
As to me, drop all vain Hopes,
For I swear I'll ne'er be yours:
Be not Angry, 'tis my Way.

Da capo.

Pan. You don't use me well, Zerbina;
Do I deserve this Usage from you ?
Zer. Correct it, if you can — [Enter Mosca and whispers to Pandolfo.
Pan. A Gentleman say'st thou ? would speak with me !
Show him in. [Exit Mosca.
Do not longer play the Fool Zerbina.

Enter Ernesto disguised like an old Man.

Ern. Good Day to you, Friend Pandolfo,
I've deard much talk of you, far and wide,
Your Talents to instruct young Men are famous.

Zer. What, nothing but old Dons about this House ! [Aside.
Pan. I've always done my best to give Content.
Ern. And that's the Reason, why I'd have my Son
Under your Care, upon the usual Terms.
The Boy is somewhat weak, you'll set him right.
Pan. Sir, I'll take care to purge him of his Faults.

Ern. Well Sir, urgent Businſt calls me away —
Anon the Boy shall wait on you.

S Q N G.

Under your Guidance he'll mend his Manners,
His hate to Women is the great Failing
Of which he's guilty.

But, Sir, your Prudence, and gentle Precepts
Will soon reclaim him, and make him think
As by nature Taught.

[Exit.

Zer.

Zer. Gardy, a fine Companion I'm to have,
A Woman hater.

Pan. Yes, my pert Lady,
The fittest Companion for you.
Since you despise my Love
This Boy shall be your constant Plague.

Zer. Perhaps you'll be mistaken Sir;
I'll give him as good as he brings.

Pan. Will you? I'll take care of that.

[Enter Mosca and whispers Pandolfo.
Is he come? conduct him up.
Well Zerbina, I hope you'll reflect
On the Proposals I have made you,
Beware of slighted Love;
Too late you may repent.
Zer. I care not

Enter Ernesto disguised like a country Booby.

Pan. You're wellcome Sir; approach young Man;
What is your Name?

Ern. Brontolo.

Pan. I shan't present you to this Lady,
As I have heard, you hate the Sex.

Zer. O the Brute!

Ern. True Sir, I be no admirer of their's.

Pan. Then you'll not fear to stay with this Lady.

Ern. Afraid! no Sir, fear neither Man nor Woman.

Pan. Pray Zerbina, entertain this Youth,
While I must out about Business.

Zer. A pretty Task you give me;

Pan. I insist upon it; look! do your Duty.

S O N G.

Pray mind your Business, lay by your flirting,
And speak with Decency to this young Man,
Your late Behaviour is so provoking,
That I'll no longer such Treatment brook.

Ern. Zerbina seems not to know me.

I'll try her.

Zer. What shall I say to this Booby?

Well! how do you like me.

[Aside.

[Exit.

[Aside.

[To Ernesto Sneeringly.

E. n.

Ern. Like you ! well enough,

Zer. Ay, but I don't like you at all.

Ern. That's hard ; but I know the Reason.

Zer. You know the Reason, (*sneering*) how should you ?

Ern. *Ernesto* told me.

Zer. Ha ?

Ern. Yes, dear *Zerbina*,

You see what various Shapes

Love makes me take,

Zer. What ? were you the old Man too ?

Ern. I was, and I would transform myself
To any Shape to see *Zerbina*.

Zer. I am so pleas'd, and so surpris'd,
I can't find Words to speak my Joy.

Ern. No Words can speak your Mind so well :
This sweet Confusion charms me.

[*Discovering himself.*]

S O N G.

All enraptur'd is my Mind,
In beholding her I love ;
Many Forms great Jove assum'd,
For the Belles bis Heart ador'd.
So like him I come disguis'd,
Dear Zerbina to admire ;
On thy Bosom let me rest,
And sigh my Soul away.

Zer. Well, *Ernesto*, we must now take care
Not to be discover'd by my Guardian.

[Enter Pandolfo and listens.]

Ern. And must contrive Means
How to end your Slavery.

Zer. Ay, but how ?

Ern. By Wedlock, which thus on my Knees I sue.

Pan. Eh ! What do I see ?

[*Afide.*]

Ern. T' inforce my Cause, I kiss this Hand.

Pan. Furies and Hell !

Zer. Ha, (*seeing Pan.*) and do you really love me ?

Ern. Most sincerely.

Zer.

Zer. Ha, ha, ha, (*laughing*) you impudent Blockhead,
How dare you talk to me of Love?

Ern. You amaze me!

Zer. Be gone, you Wretch, *Pandolfo* shall know all;
O *Gardy*, I am glad you are come,
This insolent Fellow makes Love to me!

Pan. Indeed! Well done, Mr. Woman-hater!

Ern. Death and Confusion!

Zer. So, Hypocrite, you want a Mistress, forsooth?
I hate you; out of my Sight, you Monster.

Ern. Ungrateful *Zerbina*—

Zer. Avaunt, you Fool.

Pan. How dare you to behave thus in my House?
I've good Mind to —

Zer. Let him alone, *Gardy*, turn him out of Doors,
And that will atone for his Folly.

S O N G.

Fly, you Blockhead, shun my Presence, [To Ernesto.
Never dare approach my Person,
If you do, then fear my Vengeance.
You see, dear Gardy, how I use him. [To Pandolfo.
Well, Sir, what say you? [To Ernesto.
Get you hence, you silly Fool.
On my Faith you may rely, [To Pandolfo.
I shall always act with Prudence.
Dare not to tarry, fly this Dwelling, [To Ernesto.
And quickly baste away. Da capo.

Pan. Now, Sir, you may go a packing,
You have heard *Zerbina*'s Mind. [Laughs at Ernesto.

Zer. Well, Sir, why don't you pack off?

March, begone, you shan't stay here.

(Be sure come under my Window to Night.)

And if I ever catch you here again—

Ern. Oh, dear Madam, if so, I shall obey.

Pan. I hope now your Passion is cur'd?

Ern. Good Sir, you're very obliging.

Zer. Well, *Gardy*, I've told him his own.

[Aside to Ernesto.

[Laughs at Pan.

[Laughs at Pan.

[Laughs at Pan.

Pan. And so you have ; look at him,
He wants a Mistress, truly. [Laughs.]
Ern. And you want a young Girl, forsooth ? [Laughs.]
Zer. And so you shall, *Gardy*. [Both laugh.]
Ern. How the old Fool swallows the Bait ! [Aside, and laughs.]
Pan. You make so ridiculous a Figure,
I can't help laughing at you. [Laughs.]
Zer. Nor can I help laughing, *Gardy*. [Laughs.]
Ern. Who laughs To-day, may weep hereafter ;
Thy Love, old Dad, excites my Laughter.

T R I O.

Zer. Observe, Sir, the Blockhead.
Ern. The Dotard believes her.
Pan. I'm happy she hates him.
Zer. I succeed beyond Hope ;
Who can keep from a Laugh.
Pan. At the Sight of his Figure,
'Tis hard to refrain. [Laughs.]
Zer. ?
Pan. { It provokes me to laugh. [All laugh.]
Ern. ?
Zer. Well, I vow this is pleasing.
Ern. O dear Sir, you are merry.
Pan. On my Word I can't help it.
Ern. It may hap that you'll rue it.
Zer. What say you, silly Coxcomb ?
Ern. Go 't your Dad, my sweet Madam.
Zer. I will follow my Pleasure.
Ern. The old Fool gloats upon her.
Zer. { What Joy my Heart shall feel,
When I'm freed from him I hate,
Pan. { Clasp'd in the Arms I love,
Ern. It diverts me to think on't.
Zer. Smoak old Dad, how he chuckles,
But I sweat I'll ne'er be his. [To Ernesto.]
Ern. { What Joy my Heart does feel.
Pan. {

Ern. Sir, I am a going. Zer.

Zer. O dear Sir, you're obliging.

Ern. Pandolfo adieu,

I leave Zerbina to you.

Pan. Your Servant.

Zer. Adieu —

Pan. Good by —

Zer. You'll go then?

Pan. Good by —

Zer. Pandolfo, look at him.

Ern. I can't refrain from laughing.

Zer.

Pan. } By Laughter I express my Joy.

Ern.

[All laugh.]

[Exeunt Omnes laughing.]

The End of the Second Part.



P A R T III. S C E N E, Street.

[*Zerbina, disguised in a Pilgrim's Habit.*]

S O N G.

*O ! to this wand'ring Pilgrim,
Christians pray give your Alms.
Bereft of her fond Parents,
Ill us'd by a base Guardian,
No Friends t' espouse her Interest,
A Wretch implores your Help.*

Da capo.

Poor *Zerbina*, to what hard Shifts
Art thou now driv'n ?
Fond Girl, whither art thou going ?
In quest of the dear Youth I love.
But ah me ! where shall I find him ?
That I leave to Fortune — — —
O you kind Powers, that rule our tender Hearts,
Inspire me where *Ernesto* is,
What happy Place he graces with his Presence.

*O ! to this wand'ring Pilgrim,
Christians pray give your Alms.*

{Exit.

Enter *Ernesto*, disguised like an old Man as before.

Our present Scheme methinks will do,
I'll ask *Pandolfo* for my Son.
Zerbina told me he is a Coward,
I'll therefore bully the old Put,
So work him to my Purpose.

Enter

Enter Pandolfo in a Rage, Servants, &c

Murder, Murder, Rogues, Robbers, Thieves,
My Heart, my Soul, my only Treasure's gone.

Ern. Bless me, *Pandolfo*, what is the Matter?

Pan. You are the Matter, (collaring him) where is your Son?
Where is my *Zerbina*?

Ern. Are you mad? what means this Phrensy?

Pan. Your Son has stol'n away my Pupil,
Return her quickly, or I'll tear your Heart out.

Ern. Patience, good *Pandolfo*, [Pandolfo lets go his hold.
And tell me how is this Affair?
Your Words amaze me.

Pan. My dear *Zerbina* has elop'd
I know not where; your Imp has disappear'd,
I fear they're both together;
O! *Zerbina*, I am distracted. [Runs off, Servants follow.

Ernesto. Solus.

Zerbina gone —— whither? —— [With Accompaniments.
How? —— astonishing! ——
She prove false to her Affignation! ——
Can She fly from me! —— Impossible! ——
To what Asylum can she be gone?
Young —— friendless —— and alone ——
Has her Beauty made some new Lover? ——
Ha! Jealousy, thou cruel God; ——
My Heart is rackt —— my Brains on fire;
I rave, oh! —— I'm mad ——
Arm in Arm with another Youth, [Looking towards the Scene.
There she goes —— *Zerbina* stop,
Stay —— Come to your *Ernesto* ——
Ah me! my Eyes are dizzy ——
My Strength fails —— I'm lost in Darkness ——
Oh *Zerbina* —— I am confounded.

SONG.

Passion tears my jealous Heart,
 I feel a Hell within my Breast,
 I have lost my Sense, my Reason;
 Nothing can my Peace restore—
 Furies, Flames, glare all before me;
 Madness, Tortures, rend my Soul,
 Now on fiery Pillows tossing,
 Piercing Anguish racks my Bosom,
 All conspires to my Undoing:
 My poor Heart, when will you find
 Kind Returns of balmy Quiet. [Exit.]

SCENE, Country, with a Prospect of a Village at a Distance.

Zer. In vain I rove from Field to Field,
 In vain I look around each Tree,
 Alas I see not my Ernesto.
 Yet, from the Impulse of my Heart, I feel
 His Habitation must be hereabouts;
 What Crime have I committed?
 To be insulted by an old Man's Love,
 And thus compelled to seek for Safety.

SONG.

Barbarous, cruel God of Love,
 Why thus perplex my Bosom,
 I can't endure this Anguish,
 That so torments my Heart.

Zer. But alas! what shall I do?
 Whither shall I direct my Steps?

Enter Ernesto in his own Cloaths.

Ern. Where can the fair Wanderer be?
 I've searched every where, but still in vain;
 She certainly is gone astray.

For

For I've often told her where I live ;
But what Pilgrim's lovely Form is this ?

Zer. Yet I must wander still ; ha !

Ern. Holy Pilgrim—Ha ! what do I see ?
Is'n't that Zerbina ?

Zer. Ernesto !

Ern. Zerbina !

Both. O fortunate Event.

Ern. Where have you been ?

My Heart so panted,
I chid the Hours till I found you.

Zer. O happy Meeting,

My swelling Heart bounds with extatic Joy.

O let me lean on your Arm, my Love,

I am wearied with the Length of Way.

Ern. Come, let us haste unto my Father's Cot,
Under the Covert of yon spreading Oak.

There may you rest ;

There shall I watch your Sleep ;

There you'll be shelter'd from Pandolfo's Search.

Zer. Dispose of me as you please ;
Lead on, I follow.

[Embracing.

Enter Pandolfo and Servants.

Pan. Hereabout she has been seen ;
Hereabout her Lover lives ;
I make no doubt but I shall find them,
And when I do, I'll have Revenge.

S O N G.

Yes, if I find them, how I'll maul them ;

Hell and Furies, they shall suffer.

Can the Wench hope t' escape my Anger ?

Have I Courage her to punish ?

Passion urges to o'ertake them ;

My Vengeance shall their Peace destroy.

S C E N E,

S C E N E, a Room.

Zerbina, Ernesto, and an old Man, Ernesto's Father.

Ern. Rejoice, my Dear, my Father has consented
That we two marry, if old *Pandolfo* will concur.

Zer. I fear he never will.

Ern. Despair not, Love, he shall be managed.

[Enter a Servant, and whispers Ernesto.

Zer. God grant he may yield.

Ern. *Pandolfo*, say'st thou, is at the Door?

Zer. Ah me! I tremble every Limb

[Aside.

Ern. Shall we admit him Father? (Father nods.) Show him up.
Banish Fear, my Love, rely on me.

[To Zerbina.

Enter *Pandolfo*.

Pan. Ha! have I found your House at last?
Where is my Child? Where is your Son?

[Ernesto and Zerbina kneel to *Pandolfo*.

Ern. Behold us here——

Pan. Ha! what means this Masquerade?

Zer. You see to what your ill-timed Love has forc'd me.

Pan. Confusion, am I bubbled every Way!

[Aside.

Art thou married, Wench?

Zer. For that, Sir, we only want your Blessing.

Pan. My Blessing? you shall rather have——

[Father stops him.

Zer. I wish it was over——

[Aside.

Ern. And I too——

Pan. Is your Name *Ernesto*.

Ern. *Ernesto* is my Name.

Pan. Rise unworthy as you are.

[They rise.

Is it thus you reward my Care, and Love.

Zer. Consider Sir, the Disparity of our Years,
Strongly oppos'd my loving you.

Pan. Well! I begin to see my Folly,
And in Atonement for the Pain I caus'd you
I give you my Consent to marry.
Down both on your Knees.

[They kneel.

Come,

Come join, Sir, with me in the Blessing,
May you be happy as your Hearts can wish.

[To the Father.

[They rise.

Ern. My Dear thus Heav'n favours all true Lovers.

Zer. To which my daily Thanks I'll offer.

Ern. So to Men toss'd upon the stormy Seas,
A Calm succeeds their Anguish to appease.

D U O.

Zer. *Joyful Warblers of the Groves*
Tune your Notes to tender Love,
Cbear our mutual Passion,
To Echo tell our Vows.

Ern. *Ye Flowers that crown the Meadows,*
And grace the neighb'ring Valleys,
Your Souls kindly breathing,
Fond Mortals teach to love.

Zer. *Hark ! how the Warblers answer,*
Be Constant to your Love.

Ern. *Hear ! how the Riv'lets murmur,*
Ne'er betray your Vows.

Zer. *The tender Linnet,*
With fond complaining,
Seeks her dear Partner
To sooth her Love.

Ern. *As the Vine clinging,*
With am'rous twining
'Round Elms a climbing,
Warm Passion shows.

Zer. *So I, the tender Female,*
With Notes melodious cooing,

Ern. *I'll, like the Vine be pressing,*
All times fondly careffing.

Zer. *Dear Vine embrace me,*
Your Linnet calls you
To make you happy.

Ern.

I come dear Warbler,
 Your Vine most lovely
 To enjoy sweet Raptures.

Both.

Let Bliss inflame us
 With wearied Raptures,
 And new-born Pleasures
 Still fire our Hearts.

C H O R U S.

Cupid, and Venus
 Are the great Powers
 True Lovers worship,
 Always adore.

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F I N I S.

